ECLIPSE COMICS™

THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE FOR MATURE READERS

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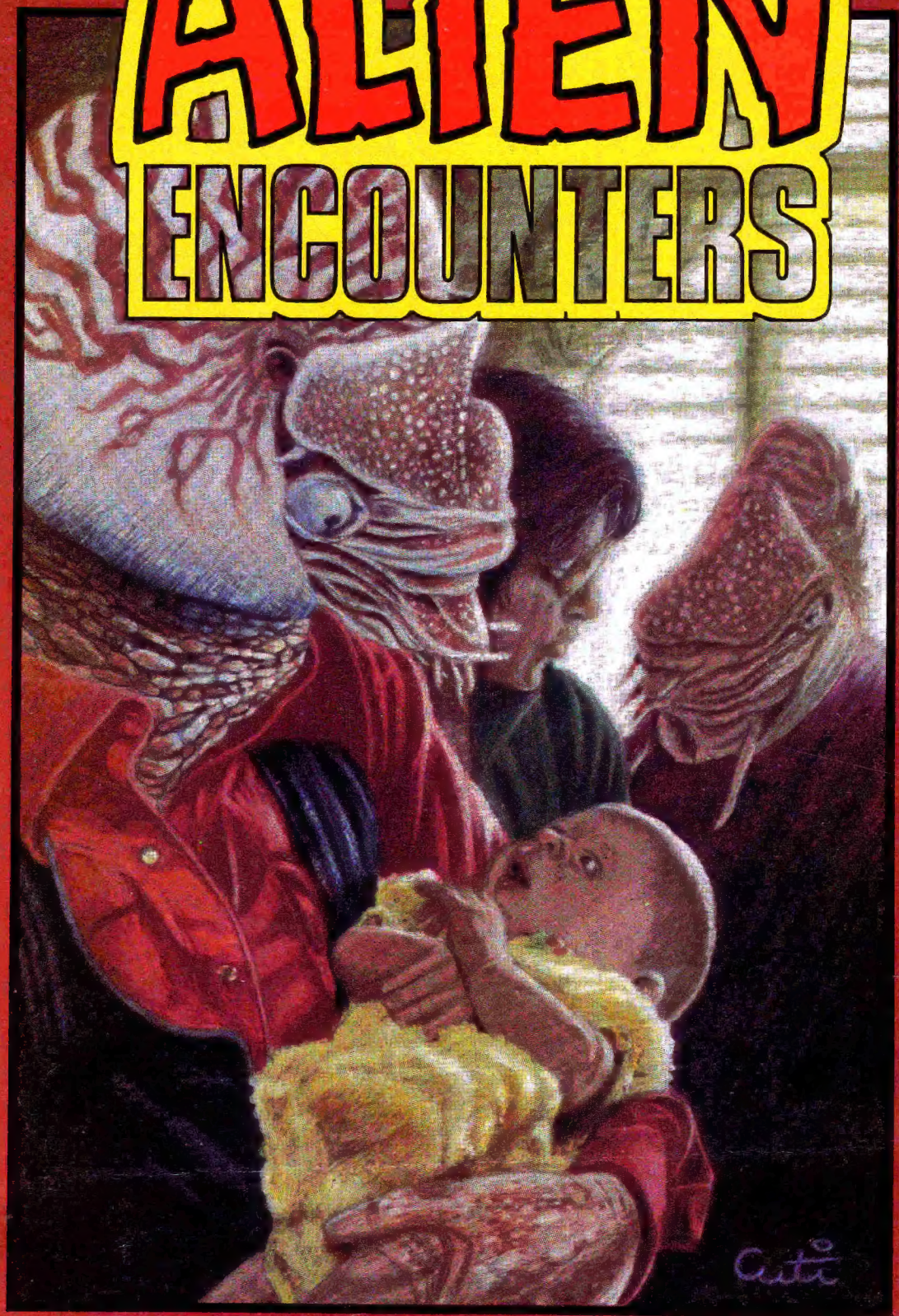
№ 13

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



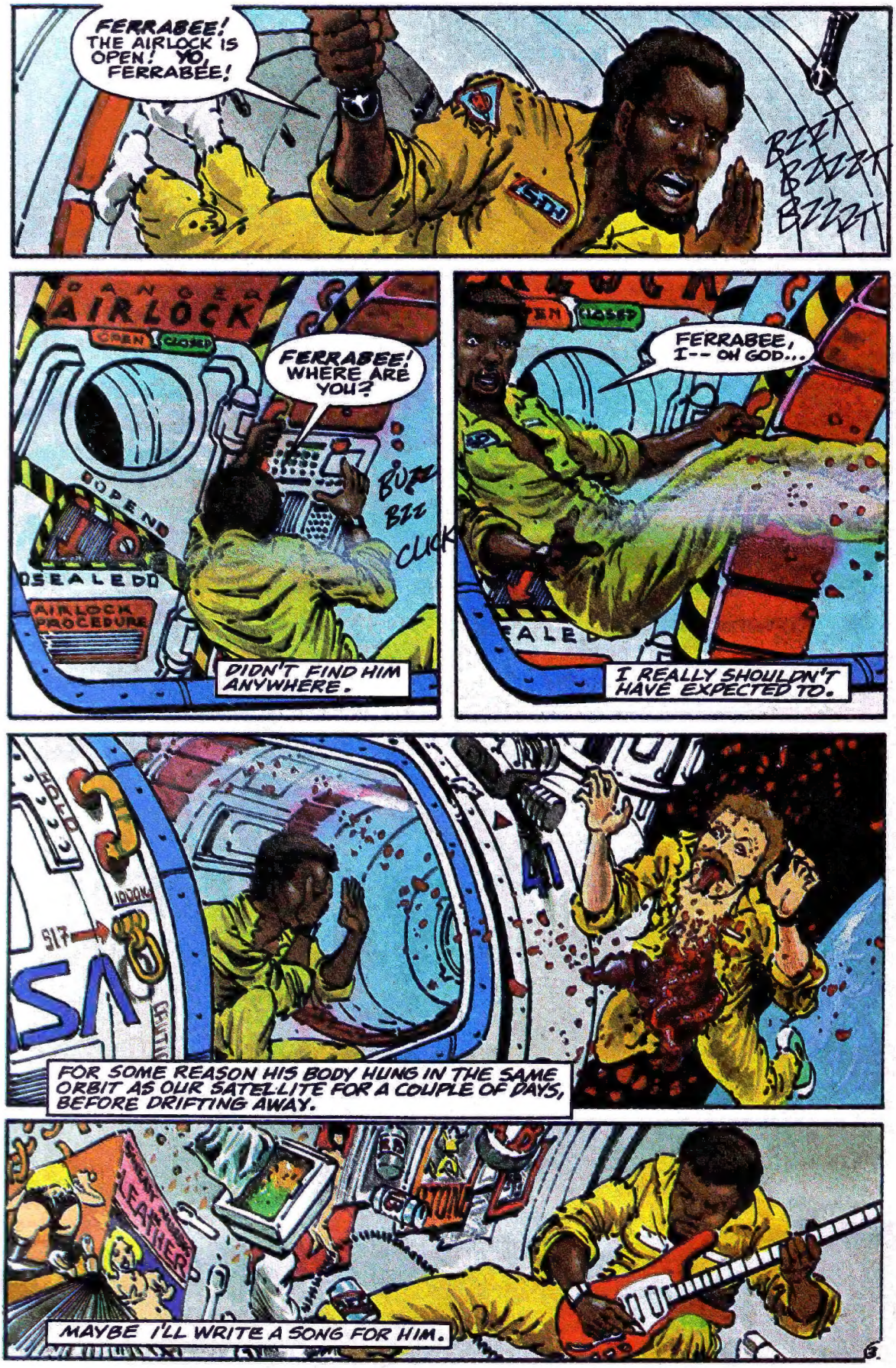
...OH MY GOD...
IT'S HAPPENING. JESUS CHRIST, IT'S HAPPENING.
THE BASTARDS... THE STUPID BASTARDS...
WE ALL TRIED TO ACT LIKE WE KNEW THE DAY WAS COMING. DEEP DOWN INSIDE, WE PRAYED IT WOULDN'T. AT LEAST I KNOW I DID.

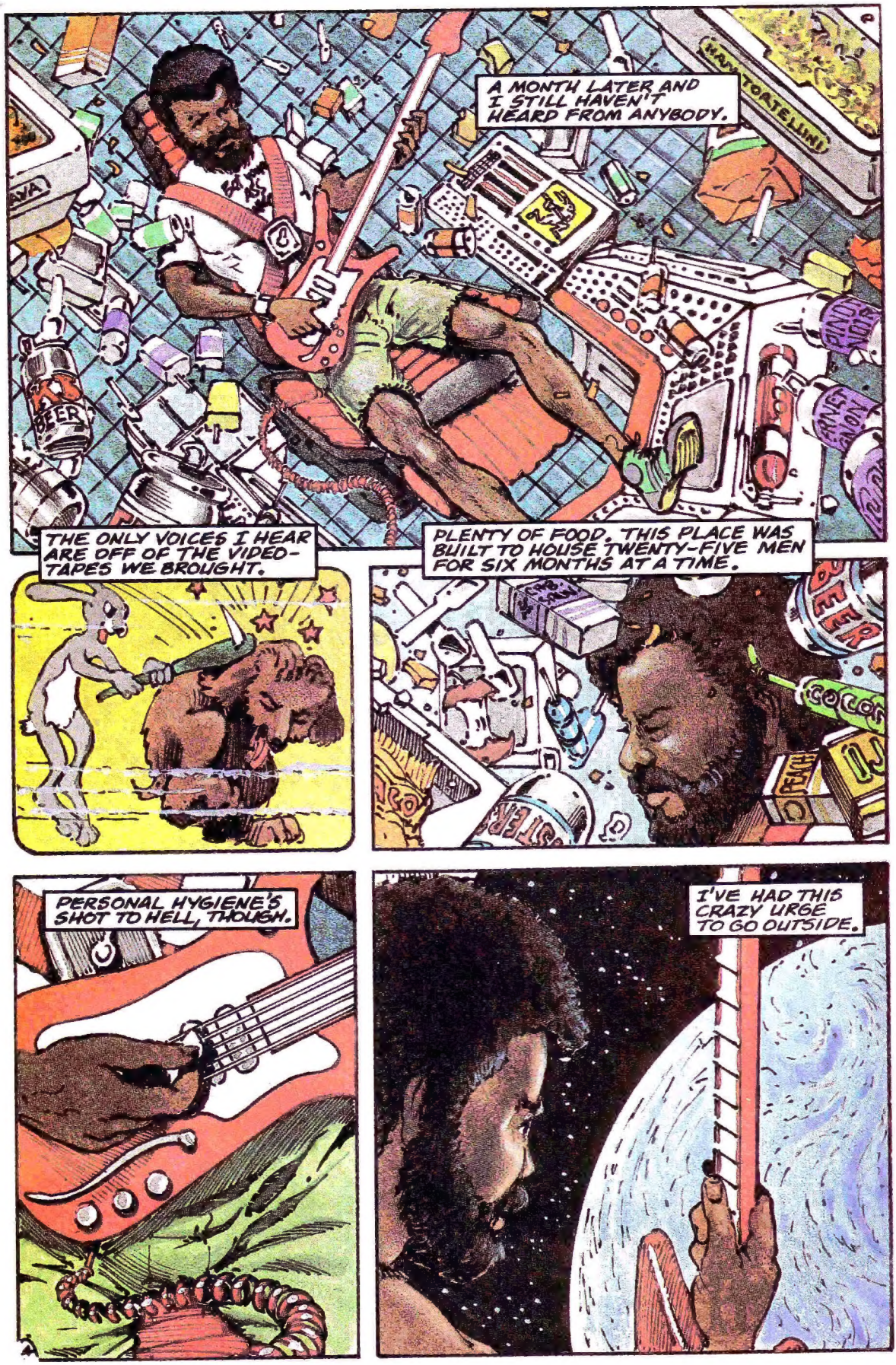
The Light at the End

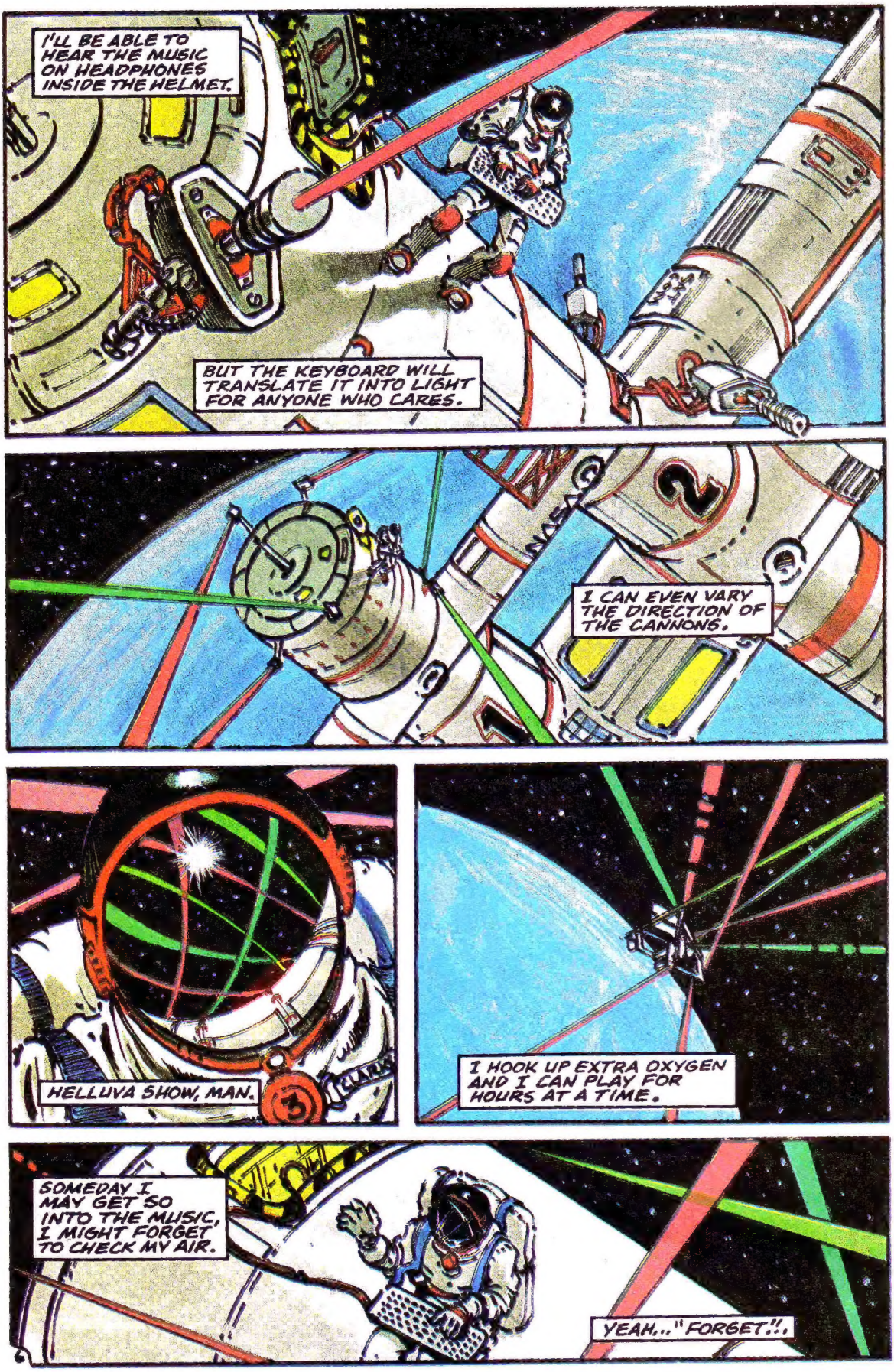
STORY by CHARLES PIXON

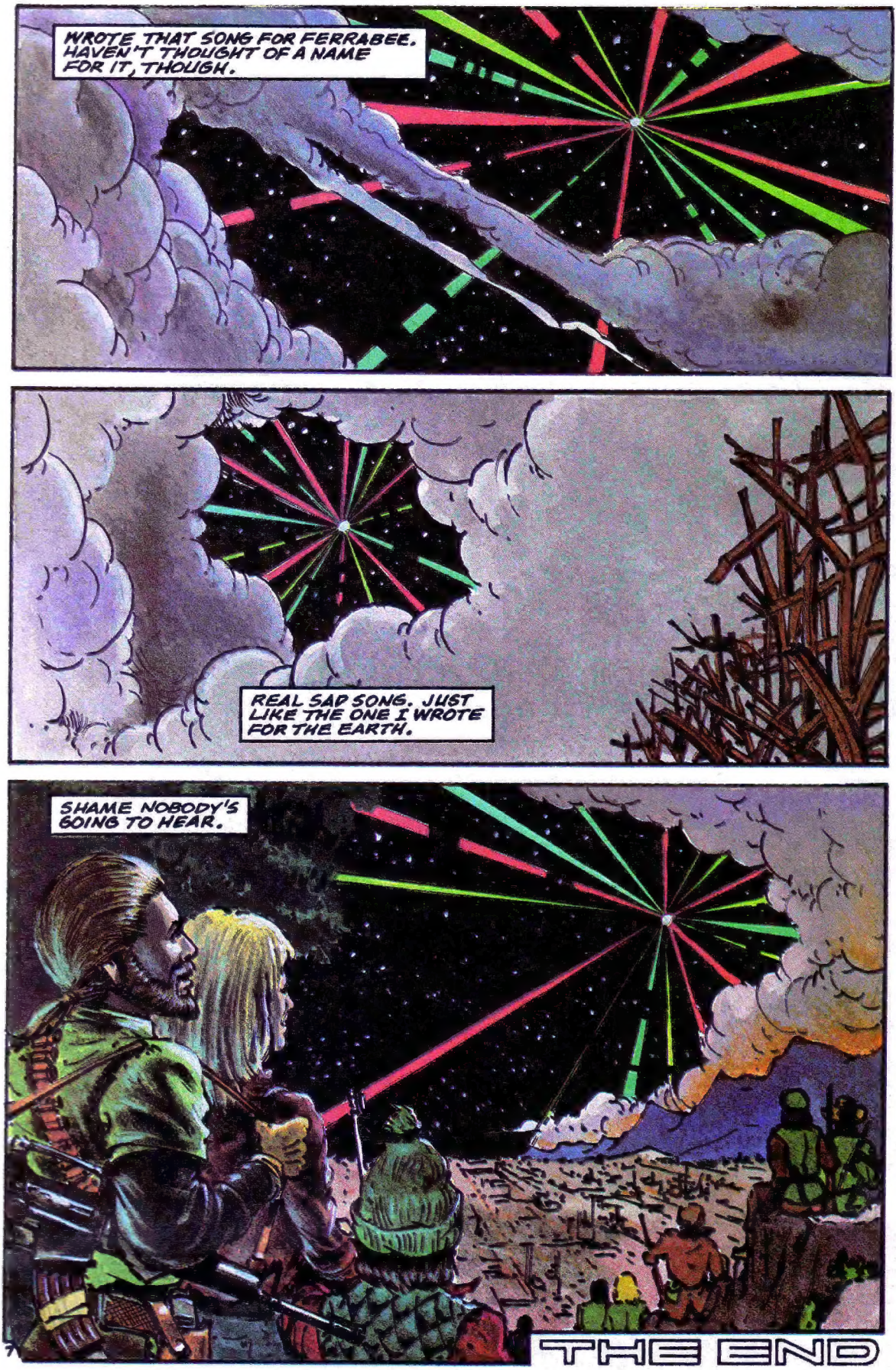
ILLUSTRATED by PETER LEDGER · LETTERED by BILL PEARSON

I COULDN'T RAISE ANYONE. THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE WAS THE REASON FOR THAT.
ZIP! BUT IT SHOULD CLEAR IN A FEW WEEKS.
SO WHAT? IT'S ALL OVER.
HEY, TAKE IT EASY.
SCREW YOU, CLARKSON! YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED. BOTH SIDES MADE FULL NUCLEAR STRIKES. IT'S OVER!
AND THE FABULOUS CURE-ALL SPACE DEFENSE SYSTEM IS ALL PACKED AWAY IN BOXES. SHIT, WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP HERE MONTHS AGO.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY COMMITTED THEMSELVES NOW... BEFORE WE COULD START UP.
WHO CARES?
I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED WHAT HAPPENED A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER.
HENDRIX
THE AIRLOCK CLAXON?
BZZT
BZZ
BZZZT

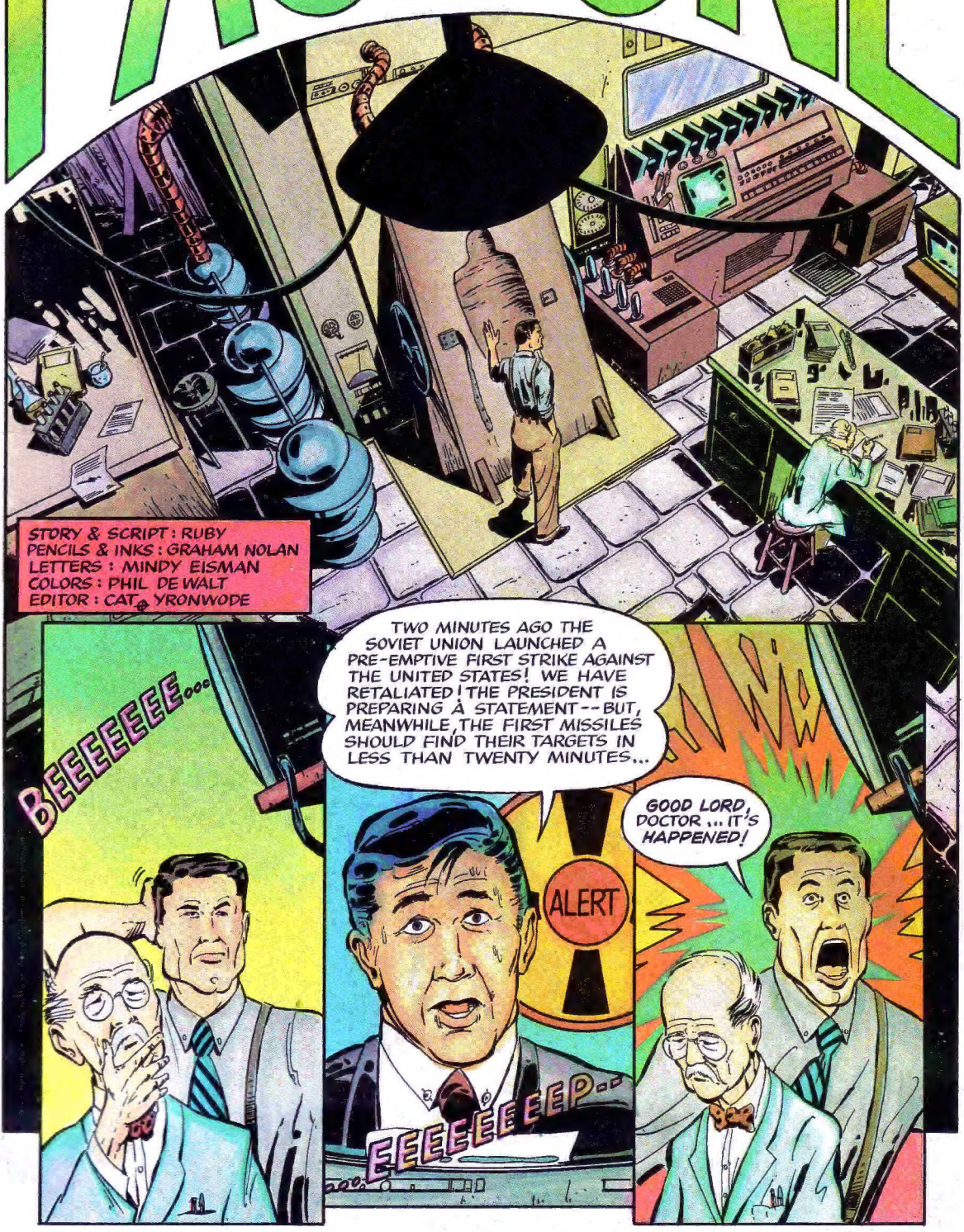

FERRABEE! THE AIRLOCK IS OPEN! YO, FERRABEE!
BZZT BZZZT BZZZT
DANGER AIRLOCK
OPEN CLOSED
FERRABEE! WHERE ARE YOU?
BUZZ BZZ CLICK
OPEN
SEALED
AIRLOCK PROCEDURE
DIDN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE.
FERRABEE! I-- OH GOD...
I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED TO.
HOLD
517
FOR SOME REASON HIS BODY HUNG IN THE SAME ORBIT AS OUR SATELLITE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, BEFORE DRIFTING AWAY.
FARTHER
MAYBE I'LL WRITE A SONG FOR HIM.
6

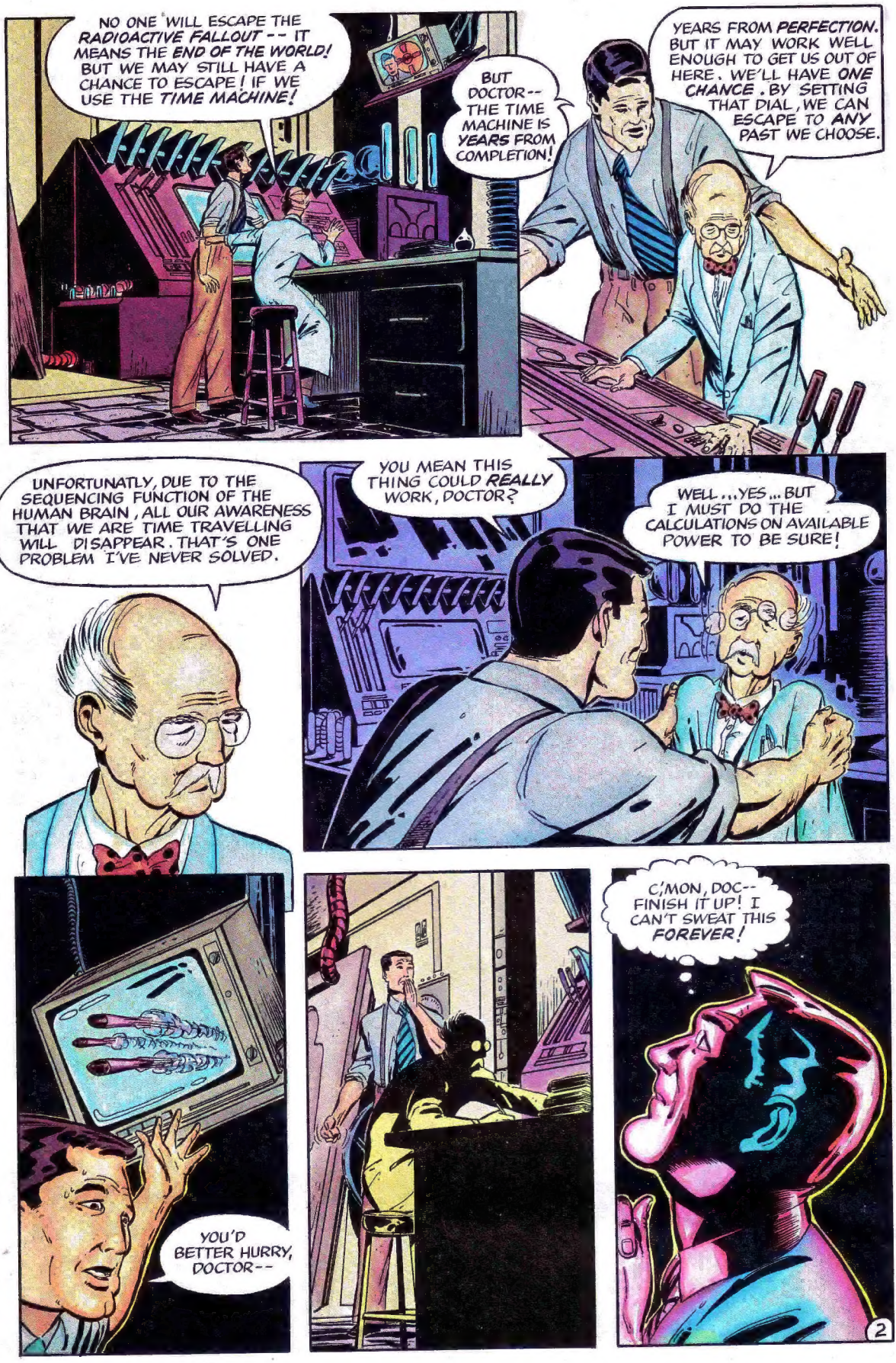

A MONTH LATER AND I STILL HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ANYBODY.
BEER
THE ONLY VOICES I HEAR ARE OFF OF THE VIDEO-TAPES WE BROUGHT.
PLENTY OF FOOD. THIS PLACE WAS BUILT TO HOUSE TWENTY-FIVE MEN FOR SIX MONTHS AT A TIME.
BEER
PERSONAL HYGIENE'S SHOT TO HELL, THOUGH.
I'VE HAD THIS CRAZY URGE TO GO OUTSIDE.

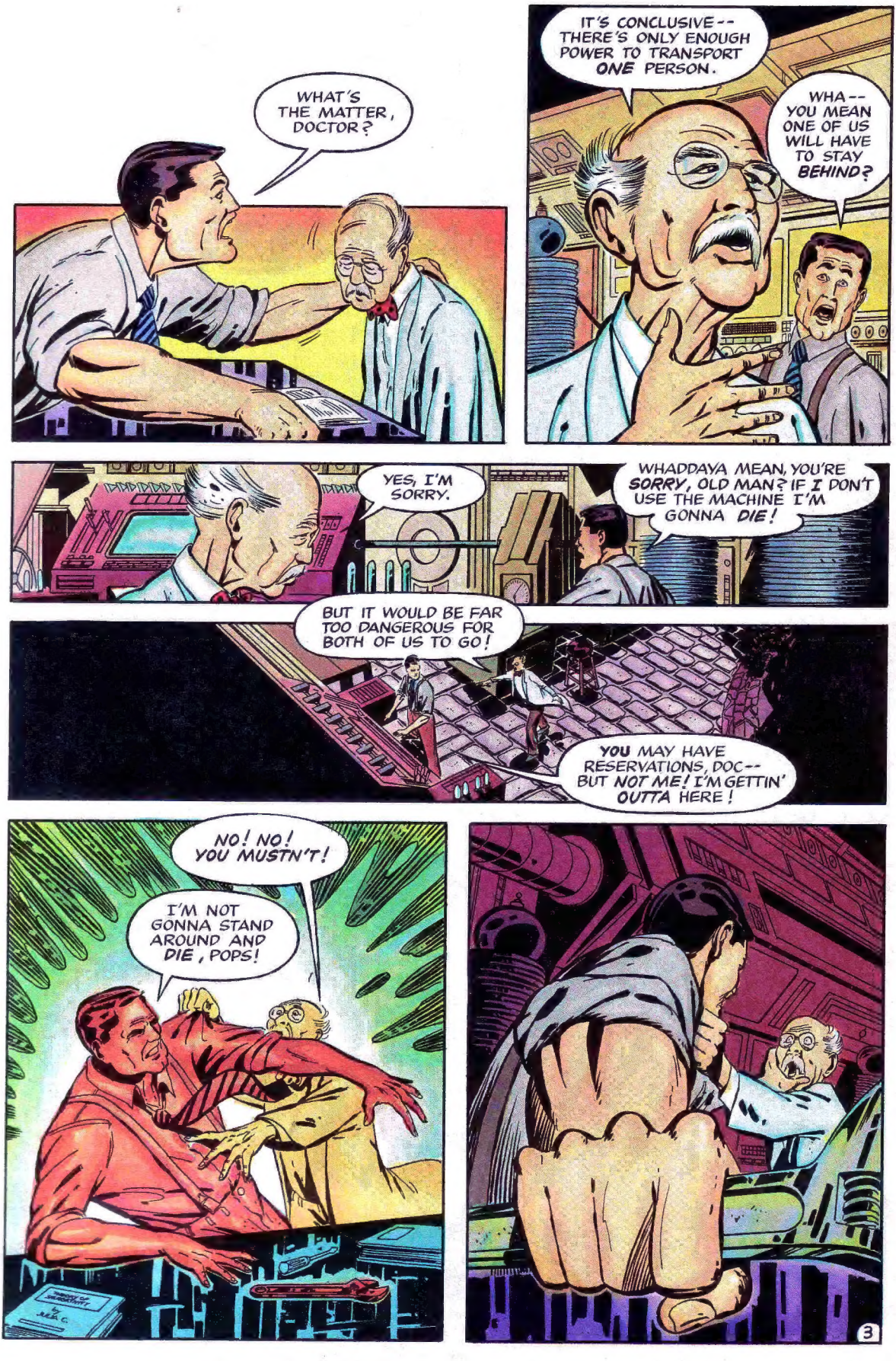

I'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR THE MUSIC ON HEADPHONES INSIDE THE HELMET.
BUT THE KEYBOARD WILL TRANSLATE IT INTO LIGHT FOR ANYONE WHO CARES.
I CAN EVEN VARY THE DIRECTION OF THE CANNONS.
HELLUVA SHOW, MAN.
I HOOK UP EXTRA OXYGEN AND I CAN PLAY FOR HOURS AT A TIME.
SOMEDAY I MAY GET SO INTO THE MUSIC, I MIGHT FORGET TO CHECK MY AIR.
YEAH... "FORGET"...

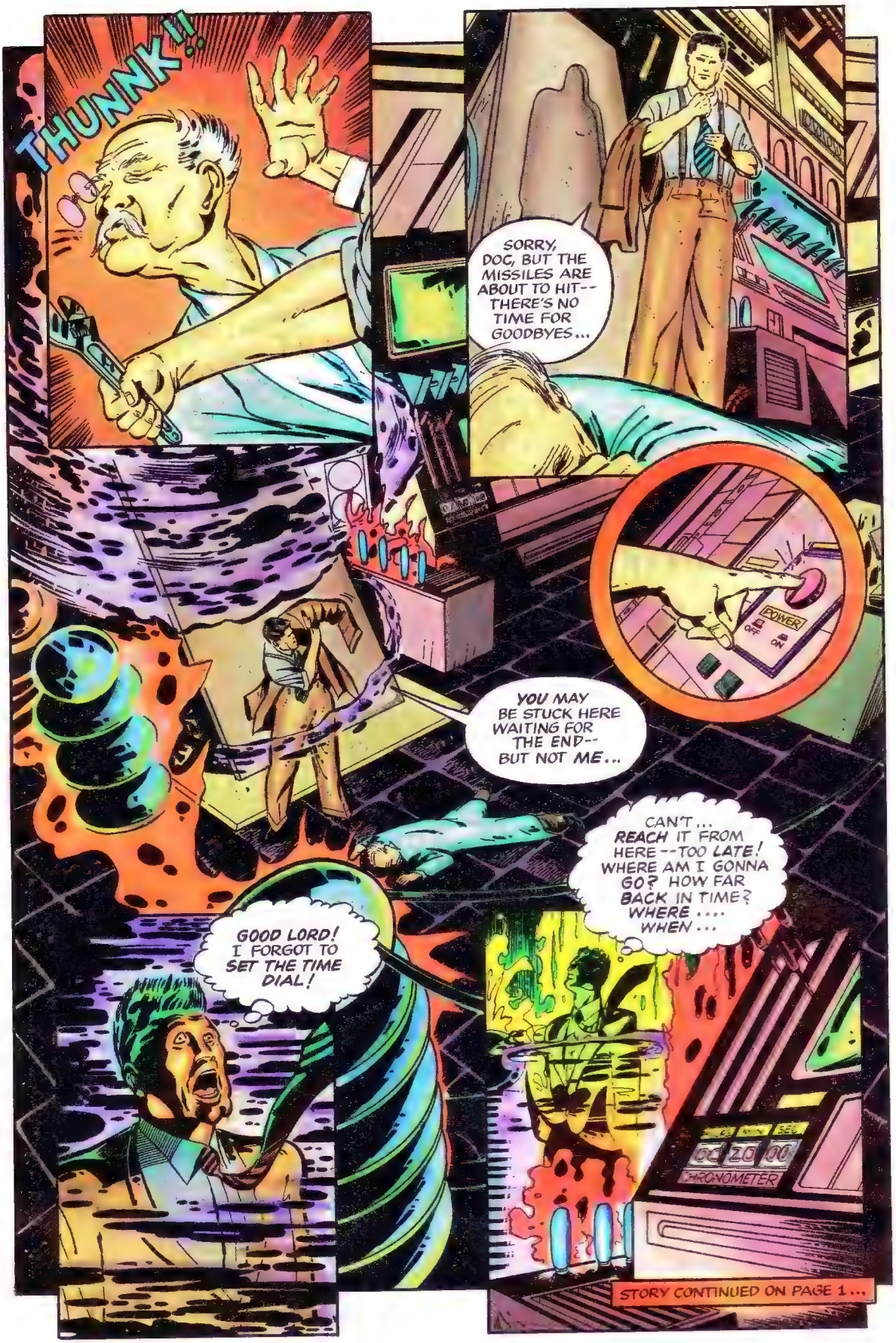

WROTE THAT SONG FOR FERRABEE. HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF A NAME FOR IT, THOUGH.
REAL SAD SONG. JUST LIKE THE ONE I WROTE FOR THE EARTH.
SHAME NOBODY'S GOING TO HEAR.
THE END

PAGE ONE


STORY & SCRIPT : RUBY
PENCILS & INKS : GRAHAM NOLAN
LETTERS : MINDY EISMAN
COLORS : PHIL DE WALT
EDITOR : CAT YRONWODE
BEEEEEEEE...
TWO MINUTES AGO THE SOVIET UNION LAUNCHED A PRE-EMPTIVE FIRST STRIKE AGAINST THE UNITED STATES! WE HAVE RETALIATED! THE PRESIDENT IS PREPARING A STATEMENT -- BUT, MEANWHILE, THE FIRST MISSILES SHOULD FIND THEIR TARGETS IN LESS THAN TWENTY MINUTES...
ALERT
EEEEEEEEEP...
GOOD LORD, DOCTOR ... IT'S HAPPENED!


NO ONE WILL ESCAPE THE RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT -- IT MEANS THE END OF THE WORLD! BUT WE MAY STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! IF WE USE THE TIME MACHINE!
BUT DOCTOR-- THE TIME MACHINE IS YEARS FROM COMPLETION!
YEARS FROM PERFECTION. BUT IT MAY WORK WELL ENOUGH TO GET US OUT OF HERE. WE'LL HAVE ONE CHANCE. BY SETTING THAT DIAL, WE CAN ESCAPE TO ANY PAST WE CHOOSE.
UNFORTUNATLY, DUE TO THE SEQUENCING FUNCTION OF THE HUMAN BRAIN, ALL OUR AWARENESS THAT WE ARE TIME TRAVELLING WILL DISAPPEAR. THAT'S ONE PROBLEM I'VE NEVER SOLVED.
YOU MEAN THIS THING COULD REALLY WORK, DOCTOR?
WELL...YES... BUT I MUST DO THE CALCULATIONS ON AVAILABLE POWER TO BE SURE!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY, DOCTOR--
C'MON, DOC-- FINISH IT UP! I CAN'T SWEAT THIS FOREVER!
2

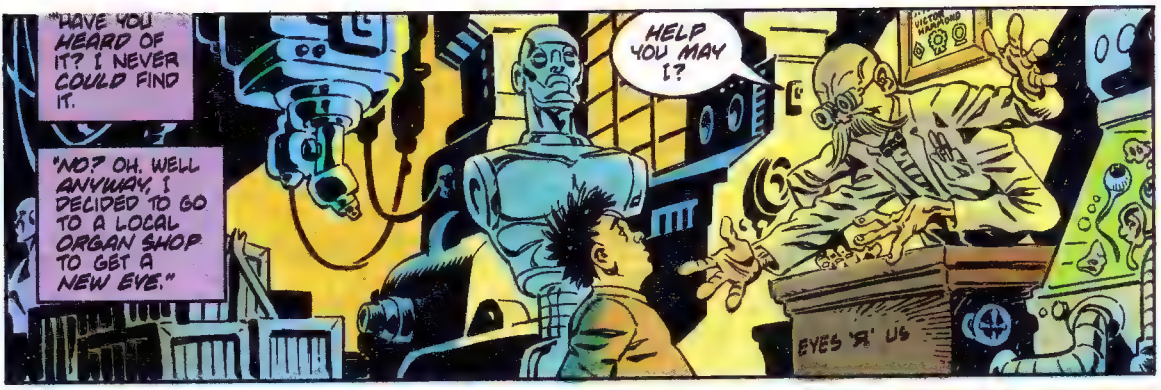

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOCTOR?
IT'S CONCLUSIVE-- THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH POWER TO TRANSPORT ONE PERSON.
WHA-- YOU MEAN ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND?
YES, I'M SORRY.
WHADDAYA MEAN, YOU'RE SORRY, OLD MAN? IF I DON'T USE THE MACHINE I'M GONNA DIE!
BUT IT WOULD BE FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR BOTH OF US TO GO!
YOU MAY HAVE RESERVATIONS, DOC-- BUT NOT ME! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
NO! NO! YOU MUSTN'T!
I'M NOT GONNA STAND AROUND AND DIE, POPS!
3

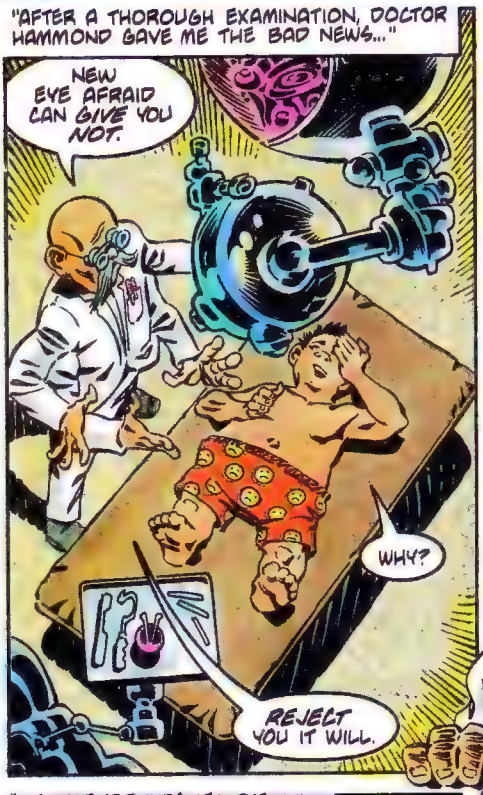

THUNNK!!
SORRY, DOG, BUT THE MISSILES ARE ABOUT TO HIT-- THERE'S NO TIME FOR GOODBYES...
POWER
OFF
ON
YOU MAY BE STUCK HERE WAITING FOR THE END-- BUT NOT ME...
CAN'T... REACH IT FROM HERE--TOO LATE! WHERE AM I GONNA GO? HOW FAR BACK IN TIME? WHERE.... WHEN...
GOOD LORD! I FORGOT TO SET THE TIME DIAL!
CHRONOMETER
STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 1...

"RICK'S PLACE"--A SMALL GIN-JOINT IN DENIN-BRASS MODELED AFTER AN ANCIENT PIECE OF TRIPE CALLED "CASA-BLANCA", WHICH WAS RECORDED ON AN OBSCURE PLANET TRASHED AEONS AGO BY A NOMADIC BAND OF CARNIVOROUS SPACE PEAS.
DOUGLAS M. WHEELER -STORY-
BARTA -ART-
NOW PLAYING:
The MIDGET and The EYEBALL
SCHEER -LETTERS-
COURTNEY -COLOR-
Rick's Café Amé
"THE OWNER, RICK (REAL NAME "KLAK-TIK'CHOK"), TENDS BAR WHEN HE ISN'T DESPERATELY TRYING EITHER TO IMITATE HUMPHREY BOGART (NOT AN EASY THING FOR AN INSECTOID)...
WHAT DO YOU *TIK* MEAN, YOU NEVER HEARD OF 'CASA-*CHIK*-BLANCA'!?
...YES ♪ OUR UNCLE ABE'S A-LYIN' REALLY ♫ PALE IN HIS ♩ GRAVE...
"...OR FORCE THE CUSTOMERS TO PARTICIPATE IN THE BAR'S MOTIF.
AND THE WINE ABOVE IS FLOWIN' LIKE A WHITE-AND-BUBBLY WAVE! ♪
"AND MY NAME? IT'S 'SAM' AS LONG AS I WANT TO KEEP MY JOB--I'M THE KEYBOARD PLAYER.
LET'S DRINK IT ALL, LET'S DRINK IT FAST, LET'S MAKE THE NEXT VERSE RHYME!
"ANYWAY, THERE WAS A PARTY AT ONE END OF THE ROOM--PEOPLE WERE SINGING OLD FAVORITES LIKE 'UNCLE ABE'S GRAVE' AND 'DATE BUMP BLUES', AND EVERY-BODY WAS HAVING A GOOD TIME...
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE.
♫ WE'LL MAKE OURSELVES AS STIFF AS HIM, IT WAS THE OL' BOY'S TIME! ♪
"THAT IS, MOST EVERYONE WAS."
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF FRIENDS, YOU HAVE A JOB WHERE YOU GET TO MEET NEW PEOPLE.
YEAH. RIGHT.
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME CIGARETTES?
♪ AND SO ♩ WE SING "FAREWELL," "GOODBYE!", A SMILE UPON OUR BREATH--
♫ NO BETTER CAUSE TO CELEBRATE THAN SOMEONE ELSE'S DEATH! ♪

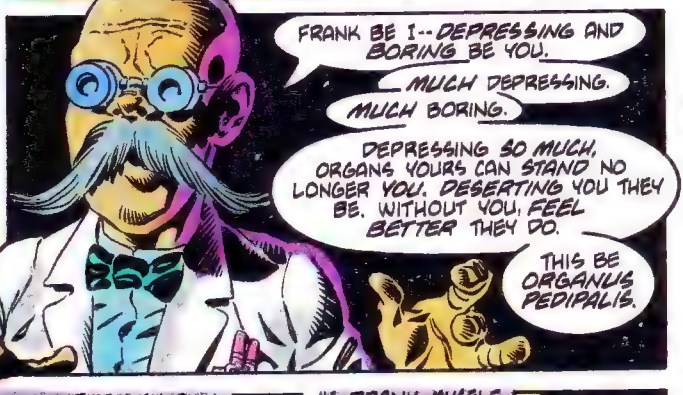
I'VE GOT CARBON DIOXIDE, METHANE, NITROGEN, TRACE ELEMENT BRANDS...
ME, I HAVE NO FRIENDS. MY PARENTS KEPT ME IN A SHOEBOX UNTIL I WAS THIRTEEN.
I THINK THEY WERE TRYING TO RETURN ME, BUT COULDN'T FIND THE THE RECEIPT.
LOOK, DO YOU WANT ANYTHING OR NOT?
YAAAY!
MORE BOOZE!
HOOT! HOOT!
I'M SORRY, I DON'T NEED ANY-- THE ATMOSPHERE IS BREATHABLE FOR ME. I GUESS I'M JUST WASTING YOUR TIME.
I'M NOT OF MUCH USE TO ANYONE.
MISFORTUNE COOKIES
THIS PRODUCT CONTAINS STUFF THAT'LL CAUSE YOU TO DIE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH. SO THERE!
THE BAD NEWS CHEWS
KRAK
'EY BUD, 'OW 'BOUT JOIN DA PA'TY AN' GET CHEE'D UP?
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO BE HAPPY.
BESIDES, I'D ONLY RUIN IT FOR EVERYONE ELSE.
HAND ME THE PLIERS!
DON'T CRUSH HIM!
MAYBE JA LIKE T' TAL--
THIS JUST
ISN'T YOUR DAY
IT BEGAN FIFTEEN YEARS AGO ON THE PLANET NELLA 4000W...
"...I WAS SEARCHING FOR MYSELF, TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO I WAS, WHEN I MET A SENTIENT NAMED FRENCHY."
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR QUESTIONS!
ALL I NEED IS ENOUGH CREDITS TO COVER YOUR TRANSPORT COSTS.
WHY BOTHER?
"FRENCHY TOOK ME OUT INTO THE DESERT, TO WHAT HE SAID WAS AN ANCIENT PLACE OF POWER..."
THIS IS IT, KID! THE JACUZZI OF LIFE!
HERE'S A STOOL SO YOU DON'T DROWN.
2

"...SO I STOOD THERE, IN THE JACUZZI OF LIFE, AWAITING THE MOMENT WHEN THE ASCENSION OF THE SUN WOULD CAUSE THE WATERS OF THE JACUZZI TO ARISE AND CLEANSE ME, ILLUMINATING ME WITH ULTIMATE AWARENESS OF SELF.
"THEN IT HAPPENED! THE SUN'S VIRGIN RAYS THRUST UPON THE WATERS AND I CRIED OUT..."
HYSAN HYSAN YNEETCH KOLIPAKTNA!*
*TRANSLATION: "I AM ALONE IN THE DESERT AND I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT MY EYEBALL IS MISSING."
I MEAN, HERE I AM, TRYING TO FIND MYSELF, AND NOT ONLY DON'T I GET IN TOUCH WITH MY INNER SELF, BUT MY OUTER SELF STARTS DISAPPEARING AS WELL!
UMMMM... Y'KNOW... DIS INT'RESTIN'...
I WAS WAKIN' UP ONE MORNIN', AND I WANNA SCREAM, AN' SHOUT!
WHA'D'I GE'MAHSELF INTO?
THERE'S MORE.
...BUT M'FRIENDS... AT D'PA'TY...
I *TAK* CAME TO DENINBRASS *KLIK* FOR THE WATERS.
MY CLOCK WAS MOVIN' BACKWARDS--
HUH?
AND FADIN' IN AN' OUT!
WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE CITY I LOOKED FOR FRENCHY...
DOCTOR HAMMOND
NEW AND USED
BODY PARTS
A SPECIALTY
EYES 'R' US
"...BUT HE HAD GONE OFF-PLANET TO AID STARVING DISEASED ORPHANS BEING EVICTED FROM THE STREETS ON ZETA-ALPHA-9."
"ZAYT: ALF NINE?"

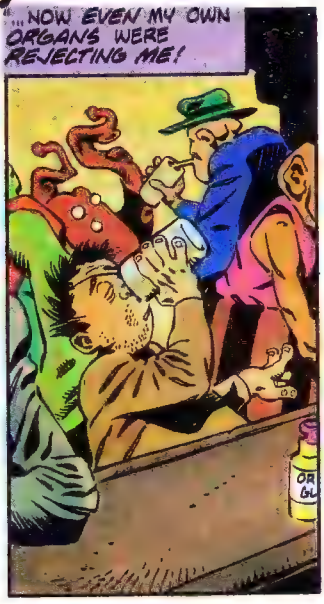

"HAVE YOU HEARD OF IT? I NEVER COULD FIND IT.
"NO? OH, WELL ANYWAY, I DECIDED TO GO TO A LOCAL ORGAN SHOP TO GET A NEW EYE."
HELP YOU MAY I?
EYES 'R' US


"AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION, DOCTOR HAMMOND GAVE ME THE BAD NEWS..."
NEW EYE AFRAID CAN GIVE YOU NOT.
WHY?
REJECT YOU IT WILL.

YOU MEAN MY BODY WILL REJECT A NEW EYE?
NEGATORY-- REJECT YOU IT WILL! DISEASE RARE HAVE YOU-- ORGANUS PEDIPALIS HAVE YOU!!

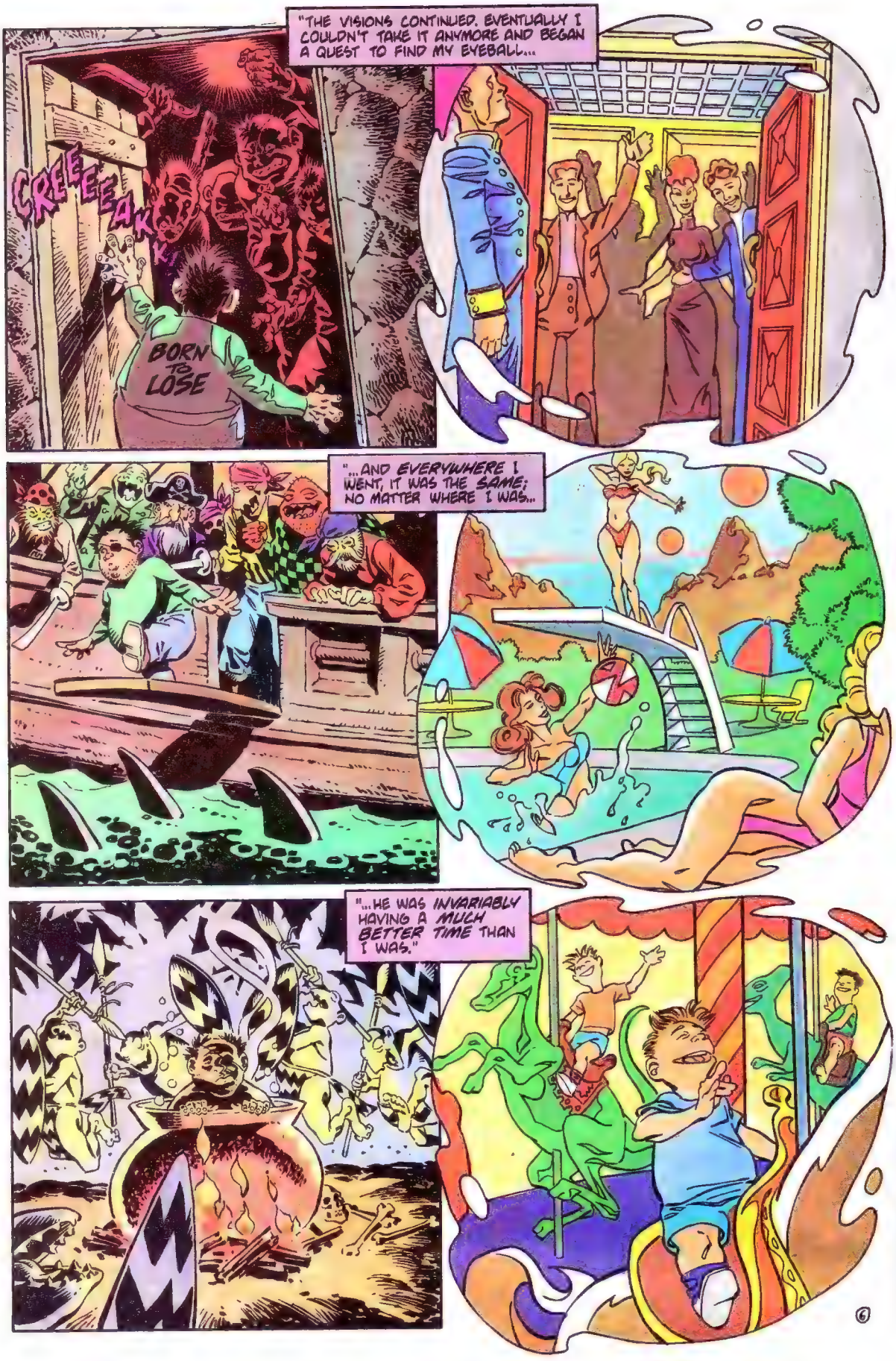

FRANK BE I-- DEPRESSING AND BORING BE YOU.
MUCH DEPRESSING.
MUCH BORING.
DEPRESSING SO MUCH, ORGANS YOURS CAN STAND NO LONGER YOU. DESERTING YOU THEY BE. WITHOUT YOU, FEEL BETTER THEY DO.
THIS BE ORGANUS PEDIPALIS.

"WELL, THAT WAS IT-- THE DOC GAVE ME A PRESCRIPTION FOR ORGAN GLUE SO THE REST OF ME WOULD STICK TOGETHER--BUT THE VERY THOUGHT GOT ME DOWN...
ORGAN GLUE


...NOW EVEN MY OWN ORGANS WERE REJECTING ME!

"I DRANK MYSELF INTO OBLIVION."

"THEN IT HAPPENED! I SAW THEM!
"WOMEN!! FABULOUS WOMEN!
"GORGEOUS WOMEN!!
"VOLUPTUOUS WOMEN!!!
"LOTS OF WOMEN!!!!! WOMEN WHO ORDINARILY WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A SECOND GLANCE EXCEPT TO AIM SPIT!
"YET HERE THEY WERE, ACTING AS IF THEY WANTED ME AND REALLY ENJOYED MY COMPANY!
"I WOKE UP TO GREET THEM...
BAR
"...I HAD BEEN SEEING THROUGH MY LOST EYEBALL! NOT ONLY DID IT HAVE THE GALL TO LEAVE ME, BUT IT WAS ALSO ENJOYING THE COMPANY OF WOMEN WHOM I COULD NEVER EVEN HOPE TO ASSOCIATE WITH MYSELF!"
"...BUT THEY WEREN'T THERE.
"THEY HAD SEEMED SO REAL-- THEN IT HIT ME...


"THE VISIONS CONTINUED. EVENTUALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE AND BEGAN A QUEST TO FIND MY EYEBALL...
CREEEEEAK
BORN TO LOSE
"...AND EVERYWHERE I WENT, IT WAS THE SAME; NO MATTER WHERE I WAS...
"...HE WAS INVARIABLY HAVING A MUCH BETTER TIME THAN I WAS."

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM FOR FIFTEEN YEARS NOW; I THINK IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT'S GIVEN ME A REASON TO LIVE.
BUT MAH WOMAN SHE JUST LEFT MEE-- IT WAS YESTERDAY/ TOOAAY--
-HUH!-
SPASH
I'M CLOSE NOW-- HE'S SOMEWHERE HERE IN DENINBRASS.
EVEN NOW I CAN SEE THROUGH HIM...
NOW I'S GOT T'LIVE IT OVER IN FOR-EVER LAND REPLAY!!
"HE'S IN A WONDERFUL PLACE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A PARTY. EVERYONE IS DRESSED BEAUTIFULLY AND HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME."
WHILE ME, I'M STUCK IN THIS MISERABLE LITTLE SLIME PIT WITH THE REST OF THIS GALAXY'S SCUM.
NO OFFENSE.
I'VE GOT TH' BLU- UUUUE--66, I GOT THEWHEN AM I NOWTHEN NOW BUH-LU-UUUU-ES.
IF JA S'CLOSE, WHY'RN'T JA OUT LOOKIN' F'R HIM?
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE-- THIS CITY COVERS HALF THE PLANET. HE'S PROBABLY IN ONE OF THE RESTRICTED, ELITE SECTIONS, ANYWAY.
IT'D BEAT SITTIN' 'ERE FEELIN' SORRY F'R J'RSELF.
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, I MIGHT AS WELL TRY.
ALL MAH DATES THEY ARE A-BUMP-INNN...
...AND DIRTYIN' UP MY OLD/NEW SHOOODEEE- ESSS!
G'BYE AN' G'LUCK.
YAAY!
WOO!
WOO!
YAAY!
YEAH!

WHAT JA MAKE O' DAT, SAM?
WE WANT "UNCLE ABE'S GRAVE" AGAIN!
C'MON, PLAY IT, SAM!
MARK NELSON FAN CLUB
YOU GET WHAT ENJOYMENT YOU CAN OUT OF LIFE, IT JUST DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW.
PLAY IT, SAM!
PLAY IT, SAM!
KLINK
THAT'S *TIK* PLAY IT AGAIN *CHIK* SAM!
HURRAY!
DO IT! DO IT!
YAAAAY!
"JA MI' BE RI', SAM, JA JUS' MI' BE."
THIS MUST BE THE END...

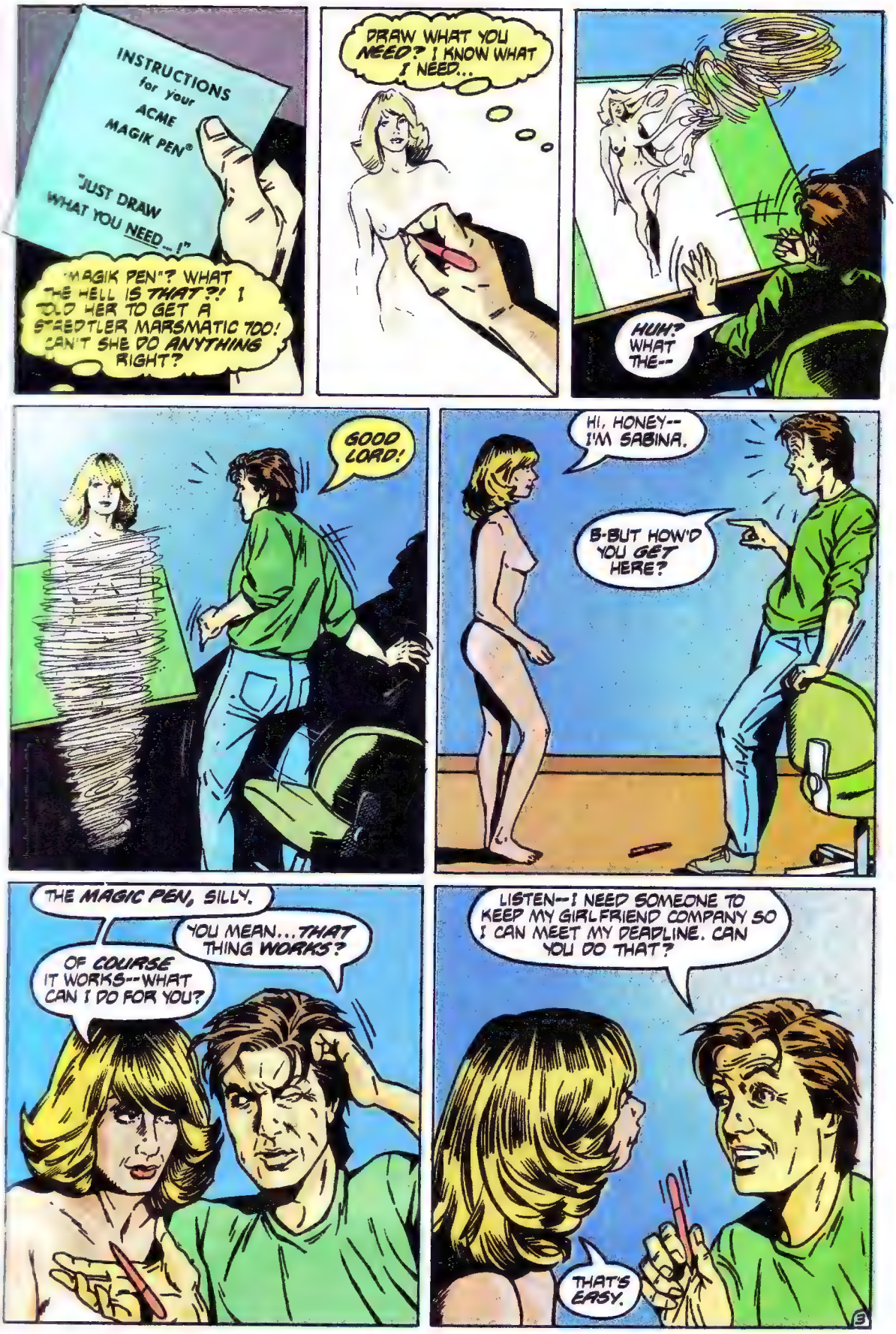
STORY: RUBY • ART: DOUG MEDVED • LETTERING: CARRIE SPIEGLE • COLORING: LOVERN KINDZIERSKI

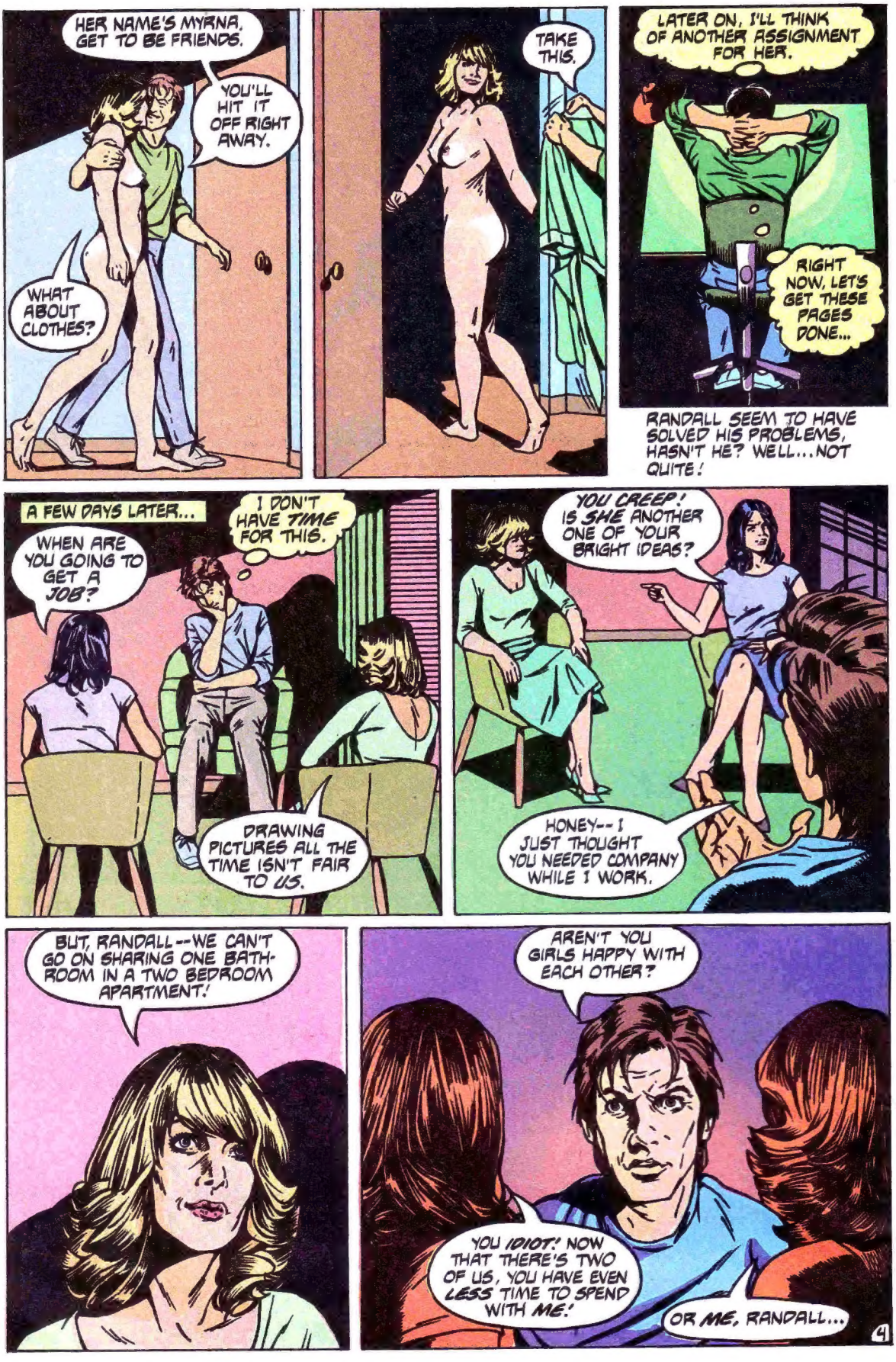
YOU CALL THAT WORK?! HOW MUCH MONEY DOES IT MAKE? IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE BOUGHT ANY CLOTHES!
YOU SEND ME OUT TO GET A PEN FOR YOU...

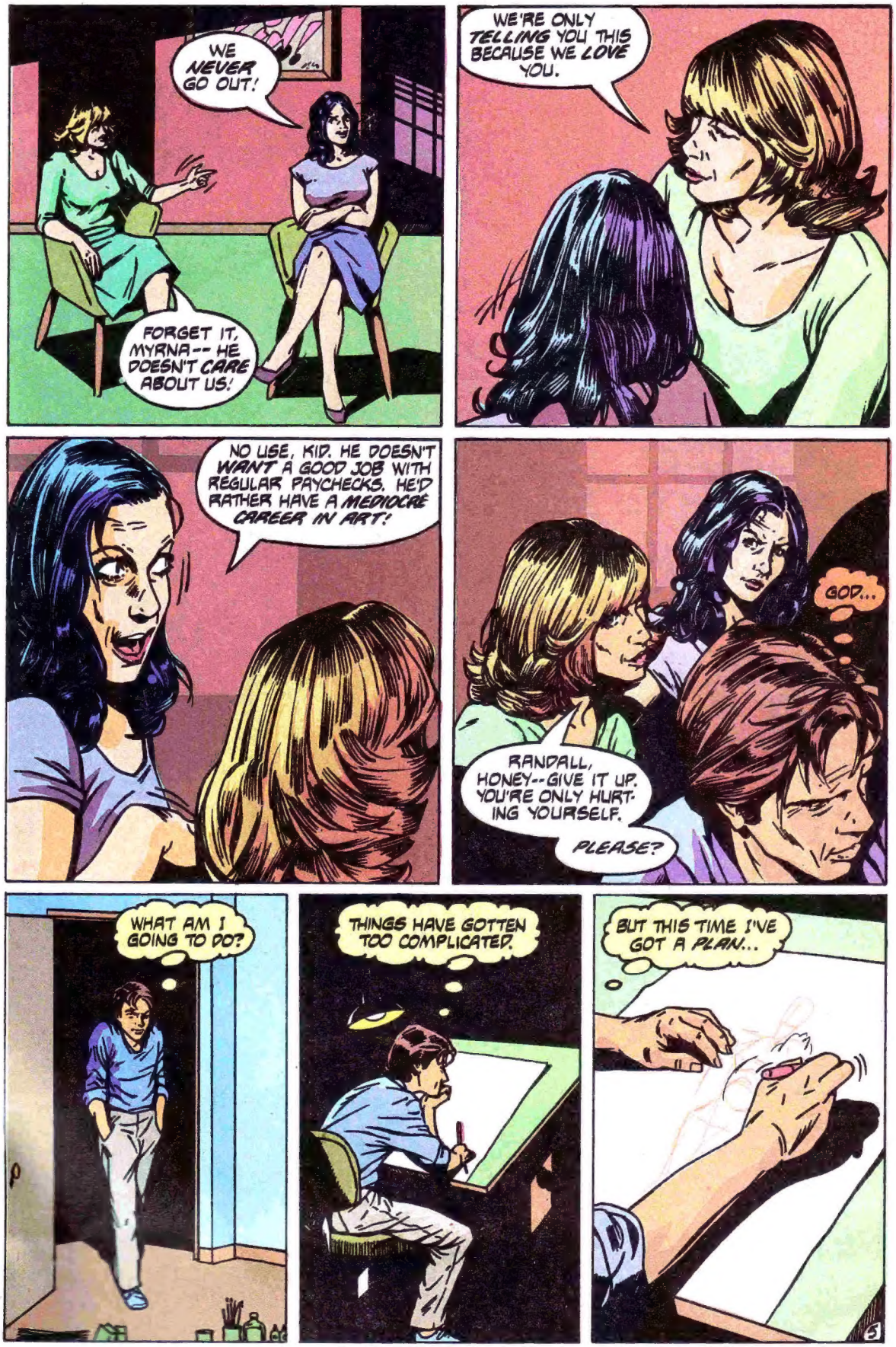
...WHILE YOU SIT HUNCHED OVER THAT BOARD DRAWING PICTURES ALL DAY LONG! YOU LIVE IN A FANTASY WORLD!!!
WEIRD FANTASY
ALIEN TERROR

OH, NO, I WON'T LET YOU FINISH IT, MISTER! I WALK ALL THE WAY TO THE ART STORE, I SPEND MY MONEY TO BUY YOU A PEN...
...AND YOU CAN'T EVEN THANK ME?!

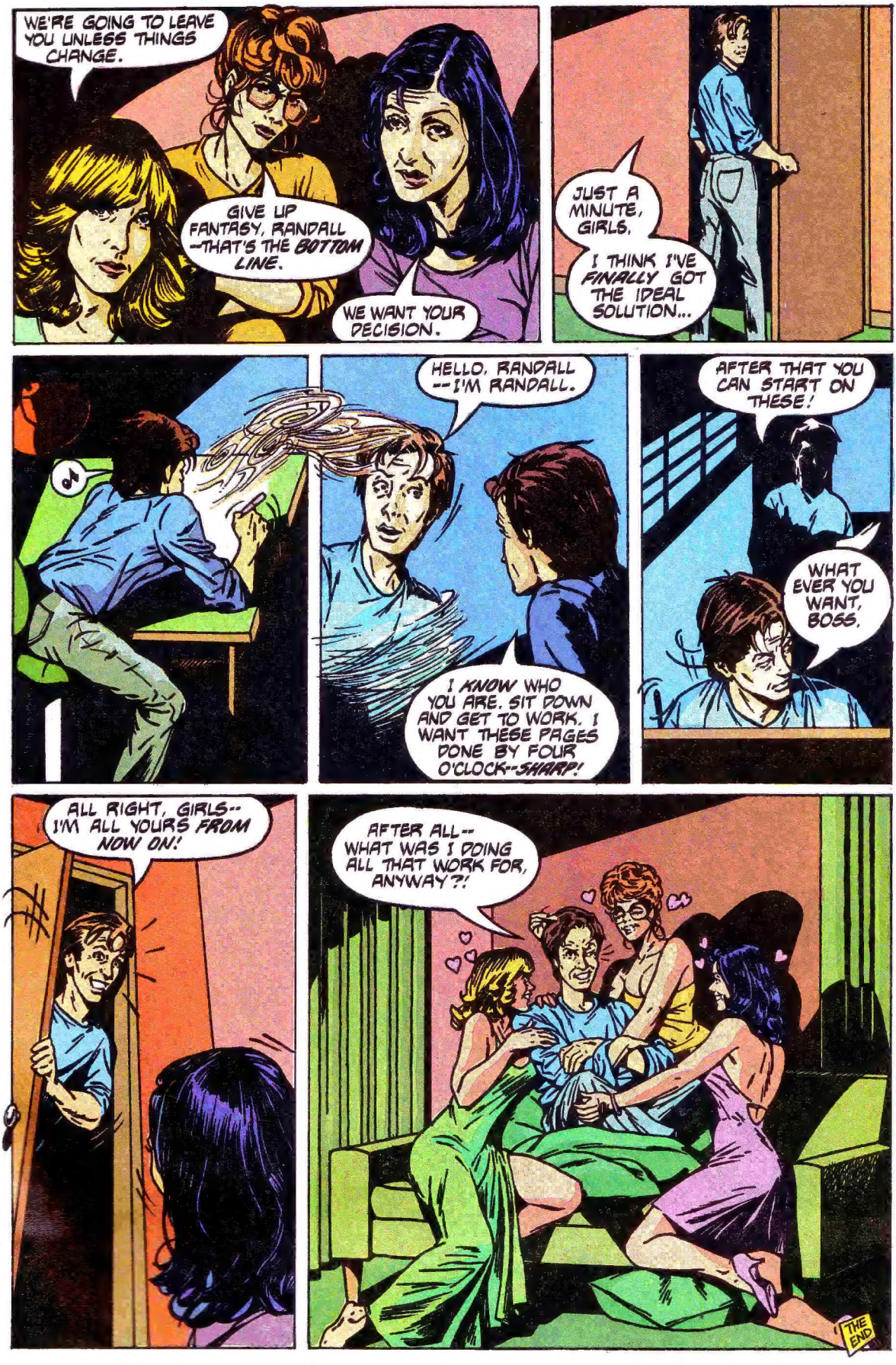
YOU MISERABLE SLOB! YOUR HAIR'S NOT CUT, YOU DRINK TOO MUCH -- AND YOU'RE RUDE!
WELL, HERE'S YOUR STUPID PEN!
SMACKK!
THAT DOES IT! GET OUT!
SLAM!
JUST STAY OUT OF HERE!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY LIFE'S FALLING APART...
POOR RANDALL--HIS LIFE IS FALLING APART, ISN'T IT? BUT SOMETIMES FROM THE DEEPEST PITS OF DESPAIR MAY COME AN UNEXPECTED SOLUTION...
WHAT'S THIS?
ACME MAGIK PEN...
2


INSTRUCTIONS for your ACME MAGIK PEN®
"JUST DRAW WHAT YOU NEED...!"
"MAGIK PEN"? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?! I TOLD HER TO GET A STREDTLER MARSMATIC 700! CAN'T SHE DO ANYTHING RIGHT?
DRAW WHAT YOU NEED? I KNOW WHAT I NEED...
HUH? WHAT THE--
GOOD LORD!
HI, HONEY-- I'M SABINA.
B-BUT HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
THE MAGIC PEN, SILLY.
YOU MEAN... THAT THING WORKS?
OF COURSE IT WORKS--WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
LISTEN--I NEED SOMEONE TO KEEP MY GIRLFRIEND COMPANY SO I CAN MEET MY DEADLINE. CAN YOU DO THAT?
THAT'S EASY.
3


HER NAME'S MYRNA, GET TO BE FRIENDS.
YOU'LL HIT IT OFF RIGHT AWAY.
WHAT ABOUT CLOTHES?
TAKE THIS.
LATER ON, I'LL THINK OF ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT FOR HER.
RIGHT NOW, LET'S GET THESE PAGES DONE...
RANDALL SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED HIS PROBLEMS, HASN'T HE? WELL...NOT QUITE!
A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET A JOB?
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
DRAWING PICTURES ALL THE TIME ISN'T FAIR TO US.
YOU CREEP! IS SHE ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS?
HONEY--I JUST THOUGHT YOU NEEDED COMPANY WHILE I WORK.
BUT, RANDALL--WE CAN'T GO ON SHARING ONE BATHROOM IN A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT!
AREN'T YOU GIRLS HAPPY WITH EACH OTHER?
YOU IDIOT! NOW THAT THERE'S TWO OF US, YOU HAVE EVEN LESS TIME TO SPEND WITH ME!
OR ME, RANDALL...
4


WE NEVER GO OUT!
FORGET IT, MYRNA-- HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT US!
WE'RE ONLY TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE WE LOVE YOU.
NO USE, KID. HE DOESN'T WANT A GOOD JOB WITH REGULAR PAYCHECKS. HE'D RATHER HAVE A MEDIOCRE CAREER IN ART!
GOD...
RANDALL, HONEY--GIVE IT UP. YOU'RE ONLY HURTING YOURSELF.
PLEASE?
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
THINGS HAVE GOTTEN TOO COMPLICATED.
BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOT A PLAN...

HELLO, RANDALL— I'M NICOLE.
I'M A COUNSELLOR WITH A PhD FROM YALE IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. I'D BE WORKING ON MY BOOK IF YOU HADN'T INTERRUPTED ME.
NICE TO MEET YOU, NICOLE. I'VE GOT A RELATIONSHIP THAT NEEDS SOME SMOOTHING OVER. YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN.
TALK IT OVER WITH THE GIRLS.
PRETTY SMART ON RANDALL'S PART, EH? WELL, NOT EXACTLY...
A SHORT TIME LATER...
RANDALL, WE FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD CHANGE. SABINA, TELL RANDALL HOW YOU FEEL.
YOU'RE NEGLECTING US.
YEAH--WE CAN'T HELP BUT RESENT YOU, YOU SLOB!
WHY SHOULD WE STAY HERE AND TAKE THIS?
MYRNA'S RIGHT--YOU'RE JUST NOT GIVING ENOUGH, RANDALL.


WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU UNLESS THINGS CHANGE.
GIVE UP FANTASY, RANDALL --THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE.
WE WANT YOUR DECISION.
JUST A MINUTE, GIRLS.
I THINK I'VE FINALLY GOT THE IDEAL SOLUTION...
HELLO, RANDALL --I'M RANDALL.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. SIT DOWN AND GET TO WORK. I WANT THESE PAGES DONE BY FOUR O'CLOCK--SHARP!
AFTER THAT YOU CAN START ON THESE!
WHAT EVER YOU WANT, BOSS.
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS-- I'M ALL YOURS FROM NOW ON!
AFTER ALL-- WHAT WAS I DOING ALL THAT WORK FOR, ANYWAY?!
THE END